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by The Tale of None

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Summary: Banished, exiled, left for dead... but not alone. With the help of his henchmen and his faithful followers, the Pale-faced man can once again return to his former glory. But this time, he has another goal on his mind, not just to take Minecraftia, but to challenge the most powerful man of the land... Notch. We'll see if his new devious plot succeeds and his new reign of power.

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"Bring him in," came a voice, absent of emotion and cold as death itself.

A man in ragged clothing, torn in multiple places from head to toe, was then dragged in by two zombies holding the man from under his arms. The man was unconscious, hanging limp from the undeads' grasps.

The owner of the emotionless voice came forward to inspect the unconscious man. His figure tall and lean, dressed in a black suit which brought out the paleness of his skin which was often described as ghostly. His eyes glared at the man, looking at the poor state he was in.

He then spoke. "Take him to get fixed up and dressed properly, then get him to his new room. If he wakes up in the process, though I doubt it, be swift in putting him back to his sleep." The zombies then hurriedly followed his commands, taking him out of the room to his next destination.

The pale man sat back down in his throne-like chair and rested his chin on his clasped hands, thinking.

"We'll have to work hard to break this one, seeing the fight he put up for us earlier. Perhaps I may be mistaken, but it'll work either way, regardless of resources," he commented to no one in specific, since he now sat in his room alone.

* * *

><p>A low moan came from the cell. The man shifted uncomfortably in his new bed, now turning to his side.<p>

Suddenly, the man awoke and sat up quickly, breathing heavily. Where was he? He remembered he was fighting a horde of mobs before he was knocked out. Was he dead? No, he couldn't be. This place looked nothing like a heaven with it's iron bars and stone walls. The mobs he was fighting kept muttering about a 'master' or keeping him alive. He figured whatever it was, it wasn't good.

"H-.. Hello?" Came an unfamiliar voice.

The sudden noise startled him. Female? It sounded like it came from the cell beside him. Should he respond? There didn't seem to be any harm in doing so.

"Hello? Is someone there?" He responded.

"O-oh! I'm here!" The sound of the creaky bed could be heard. A face come into view on one side of the bars to another cell. "Are you okay?" The woman had short, dirty looking hair, wore some dirty clothes from what he could see, and what looked like purple eyes.

"Oh, I'm okay, I have a massive headache though," which he mentally brought his attention to now. His anxiety seemed to have lessened after seeing another living being.

"That's good. ...wait.. Are you one of the crazy ones? Please don't be crazy.." Her concern was apparent in her voice as she spoke.

"Oh," he chuckled softly. "I'm not crazy. Or I hope I'm not. Where are we?"

"Oh, thank goodness. We're in ...His Lab." Her voice became hardly a whisper as she finished the sentence.

"Uhm.. 'His'?"

"... Israphels' Lab"

He couldn't remember ever seeing an 'Israphel' in the archives. However, from the way she put it, it did not seem good. He needed to know more about this place. "Do you know where 'here' is? I don't remember getting in here. I also don't remember wearing these clothes.."

"Well, all I know is that we're in the Neatherâ€¦ I'm not sure where in the Neather, nor how to get outâ€¦"

"How long have you been here?"

She slumped down near the bars slowly. She looked down. "...I don't know. I can't tell if a day has passed or not, people have been in here before you, but they always disappear.."

Her answer shocked him slightly. It did explain her appearance, though she seemed mentally sane. "Hey, don't worry, we'll find a way out of this place. Surely there is way, there must be a way," he said, attempting to give her some sort of hope. With that, she looked up to him, giving in to a gentle smile.

"You seem confident. With that sort of attitude, I'm sure we can."

"What is your name?"

"Oh, it's Annabelle. What's yours?"

"The name's Frederick."

"Frederick. That's a nice name."

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